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GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF NATURAL MONOPOLIES

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JO McDILL'S MUSINGS.

RATS.

If there is anything in the theory of "the survival of the fittest," rats are strictly in it. Rats exist and thrive in all climates and under all conditions. Rats are sailors and land "critters." Wherever man goes, there, also, goes the rat. If the north pole should be discovered, rats would arrive within a fortnight after man had pitched his tent.

Rats, like boodlers, are both filthy and destructive, and, like boodlers, will take the first parlor if you will let them, for they are not particular as habitation. Anywhere, from garret to cellar, or tunnels, or sewers, are good enough; and even a rat would consent to live in a Rockefeller palace.

Rats have no notion of committing race suicide—more's the pity. I have known one rat to mother fifteen young rats at one time, and she would have raised the whole batch but for a dog and a pitchfork.

Rats will desert a sinking ship in time to land, while seamen are foolish enough to go down, and not come up.

From the standpoint of rats, the theory of "the survival of the fittest" is, to say the least, a little like "rats."

A GOOD HIT.

That is a pretty good hit of Tom McNeal's in his assertion that if a Kansas man died and went to Heaven, he would want to come back to Kansas. The reason why a Kansas man prefers Kansas to any other place is because Kansas people believe in men and women. Kansas people are spirited, for most of them could pedigree back to the Plymouth fathers or Revolutionary stock, and they who cannot go so far back come in on the new breeds of well-bred crosses. Kansas people like money well enough to go after it with all their might, but there are other things they like better than money. They like square dealing. They like school houses on every hill-top and no saloon in the valley. There are some things they hate. They hate thieves, all the way from the chicken thief up to the oil thief. They hate drunkenness and impurity. Kansas people may divide on party lines when it comes to finance and tariff, but when it comes to the great underlying principle of a free and enlightened population, Kansas people are as one man, from her cities down to her hamlets and farms.

WAR IN THE LABOR WORLD.

Judge Kohlsaat, a federal judge whose bench is somewhere in Chicago, or vicinity, has issued an injunction that just about covers the whole thing in employers and employees' disputes. The injunction was issued at the request of the employers' association, and forbids strikers from not only interfering with the men who take the strikers' places, but goes so far as to forbid strikers from going near the new men. If this temporary injunction becomes permanent, the labor unions have met their Waterloo along the old lines. Under the operation of the injunction, Chicago will be Coloradoed in a few weeks. Militia, bullpens and deportation appear menacingly near. And the end is dismemberment of labor organizations.

We have believed all along, and still believe, that the strike, as a method, is bound to be a failure, and, in a republic like ours, it ought to be. If the labor union people had devoted as much time and money to the ballot-box as they have to organizations, on a non-partisan basis, they might now be in position to accom-

plish something of permanent benefit to the laboring classes.

To the observant it is very clear that, in modern times, it is not kings and standing armies that rob the working classes. Kings and standing armies are the instruments, but behind them is predatory wealth. Predatory wealth has seized the governments of the earth. Not a king, emperor or czar could support his throne if predatory wealth did not furnish the power and influence.

What is true of Europe is true of America, only the machinery is a little different, but it will do the work. Owing to the stupidity of the voters, the machinery is less complicated in America, and runs with less oil, than in the old countries. What can be more simple than injunctions, militia, bullpens and deportation? Why, it is as easy as falling off a log.

As matters now stand, nine-tenths of the federal judges are in sympathy with the predatory wealthy. Five-ninths of the judges of the supreme court of the United States have repeatedly been for wealth as against the man.

It will take a quarter of a century to change what could have been prevented if the voters had acted intelligently.

WILL WE BE TOADIES?

Some people have thought that, in the course of time, a large class of people would arise in America who would bow down to wealthy people, same as the lower classes in Europe bow to kings and the nobility. It is not likely. The all-around American has lots of respect and esteem for people who are worthy, but they worship no man or class of men, and it is harder for an American to play sycophant than to charge a battery. The captains of industry are cordially hated. There are plenty of people who will not read books deposited in a Carnegie library. When Sunday School Rockefeller sailed for Europe, he was greeted by the passengers on the vessel in which he took

HOOSIER SPRING POETRY

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

When ever'thing's got a-goin' like she's got a-goin' now—
The maple sap a-drippin', and the buds on ever' bough,
A-sort o' reachin' up'ards, all a-trim'lin', ever' one.
Like 'bout a million brownie-fists a-shakin' at the sun!
The children wants their shoes off 'fore their breakfast, an' the
Spring

Is here so good-and-plenty that the old world has to sing.
When things is goin' this away, w'y, that's the sign, you know,
That ever'thing's a-goin' like we like to see her go.

Oh, ever'thing's goin' like we like to see her go!
Old Winter's up and dusted, with his dratted frost and snow;
The ice is out the crick ag'in; the freeze is out the ground.
And you'll see faces thawin', too, ef you'll jes look around.
The bluebird's landin' home ag'n, and glad to git the chance.
'Cause here's where he belongs at: that's a settled circumstance;
And him and Mister Robin now's a-chunin' fer the show.
Oh, ever'thing's a-goin' like we like to see her go!

The sun ain't jes p'tendin' now; the ba'm is in the breeze;
The trees 'll soon be green as grass, and grass as green as trees;
The buds is all jes eechin', and the dogwood down the run
Is bound to bu'st out laffin' 'fore another week is done.
The bees is wakin', gap'y like, and fumblin' fer their buzz,
A-thinkin' ever-wakefuler, of other days that wuz.
When all the land wuz orchard-blooms and clover, don't you
know—
Oh, ever'thing's a-goin' like we like to see her go!

passage with the song, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." It was sung in derision. Some time ago, as the old man was taking a walk on the campus of the Chicago University, the students greeted him with:

"Praise John, from whom oil blessings flow.
Praise him oil creatures here below.
Praise father, son and holy ghost.
Praise oil of them, but John the most."

People may accept gifts, but despise the giver. If Rockefeller expects to conciliate Americans by big donations, he will find that friendship is in the hazy distance so far as the mass of the people are concerned.

It is not because the "captains" are wealthy, but because of the way they obtain their wealth, that all right-minded people have a feeling for them akin to hatred; and we are of the opinion that the time will never come when the predatory rich will be regarded in any other light than that of plunderers of the laboring classes. But one man of any prominence, that I have heard of, has a good word for John D. Rockefeller. The man I refer to is a clergyman of the Baptist persuasion. He is one of the four brothers of the remarkable North Carolina family of the name of Dixon. A brother wrote "Leopard Spots," a book that did so much toward intensifying the hatred of white for colored people. It is a pleasure to note that this is the only instance where genius bows to base men, or fans latent passion to the white heat of Negro-burning mobs.

No: the people of America will remain free and independent, if they have to fight for it. A realization of the situation will come, sooner or later, and then let the "captains" stand from under, for there will be some mighty upheavals and some ugly downfalls.

THE FREAKS.

It doesn't take much to make a man notorious, for a man by the name of Osler was as much talked about, for a while, at least, as

Jerry Simpson or W. A. Pepper. It can hardly be said that Simpson and Pepper are eminent men, but both have had volumes written and spoken about them—the one for wearing no socks, and the other for having long whiskers.

Osler comes to the front because he thinks a man is no good after he is sixty years old, and, at that age, should be given his flying papers to another world.

After reading a lot of stuff in the newspapers, I am inclined to believe there is something in Osler's proposition, which, if applied, would wipe out about half of the United States senate and a lot of the federal judges, and would scoop a lot of old soldiers. It would be a great saving to the cause of good government if the country was rid of some of her senators and judges. And the rule, if applied to women, would cut down the pension roll so as to give us more money to build war vessels. The latter view may have inspired Osler's suggestion; and back behind Osler may be the people who want more money for ships and less money for pensions. The real motive for these outbreaks is hard to account for.

Pepper's whiskers were not the only whiskers, and thousands of men have gone without socks. To have read the papers a few years ago, not knowing any better, one would have been led to the conclusion that Jerry was the only man whose feet had been without sock covering at any time in the history of man, and that Pepper had the only whiskers of any man since man crept out of a monkey skin.

Another conclusion is that the papers are entitled to some notoriety.

Now, Osler did not originate this theory. He borrowed it, just as newspapers borrowed their Pepper and Simpson wit (?). Some thirty-odd years ago, a tribe of Esquimaux practised Osler's theory—only the Esquimaux did not set the age, and when food was plentiful, the rule was suspended. The Esquimaux reasoned that when food was too scarce to feed all, it was better that the old and helpless die suddenly than for all to die by the slow process of starvation. You can always find a good reason for what an animal does, or men in a low state of civilization, but you have to study for reasons for what is done or said by men in a high state of civilization. Jerry's sockless feet, Pepper's whiskers and Osler's chloroform at sixty will go thundering down the ages; but why they should be beyond my comprehension.

TO ROOSEVELT.

From Tom Watson's Magazine.

Our hero is a man of peace.
Preparedness he implores.
His sword within its scabbard sleeps,
But, mercy! how it suores!

WHEN Rev. Vernon J. Rose, who is now chief of police of Kansas City, frankly says that he is not enforcing the laws against the saloons because to do so would result in the reduction of the city's revenue, we have no further defense to make of his course. There is no more justification in a city's taking money from the violators of the law to permit them to pander to the vices of its citizens than there is in an individual doing the same thing. In other words, boodling in the interest of taxpayers is just as disreputable as boodling in the interest of a county attorney's bank account.—Independence Times.

THE man who will defend and justify the methods by which John D. Rockefeller has accumulated his fortune, or the methods by which Standard Oil has destroyed competition in the oil business, might, at the same time, be expected to apologize for horse-stealing and approve polygamy and prostitution. He who denies that Rockefeller's money is tainted has no conception of moral values, and must be classed as a degenerate.—Independence Times.

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